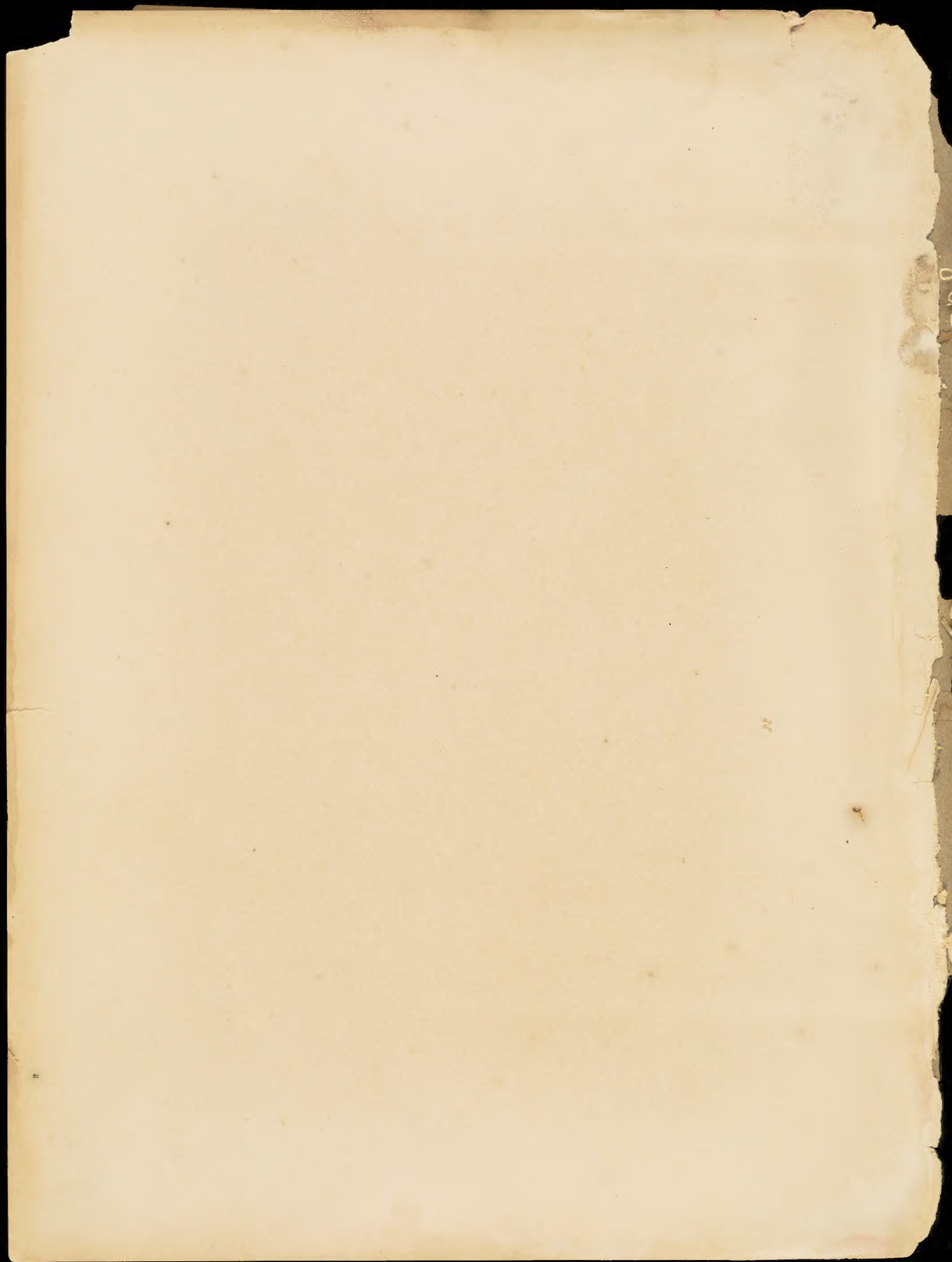




PICTURES OF ROMANCE AND WONDER



PICTURES OF
ROMANCE AND
WONDER

BY

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.



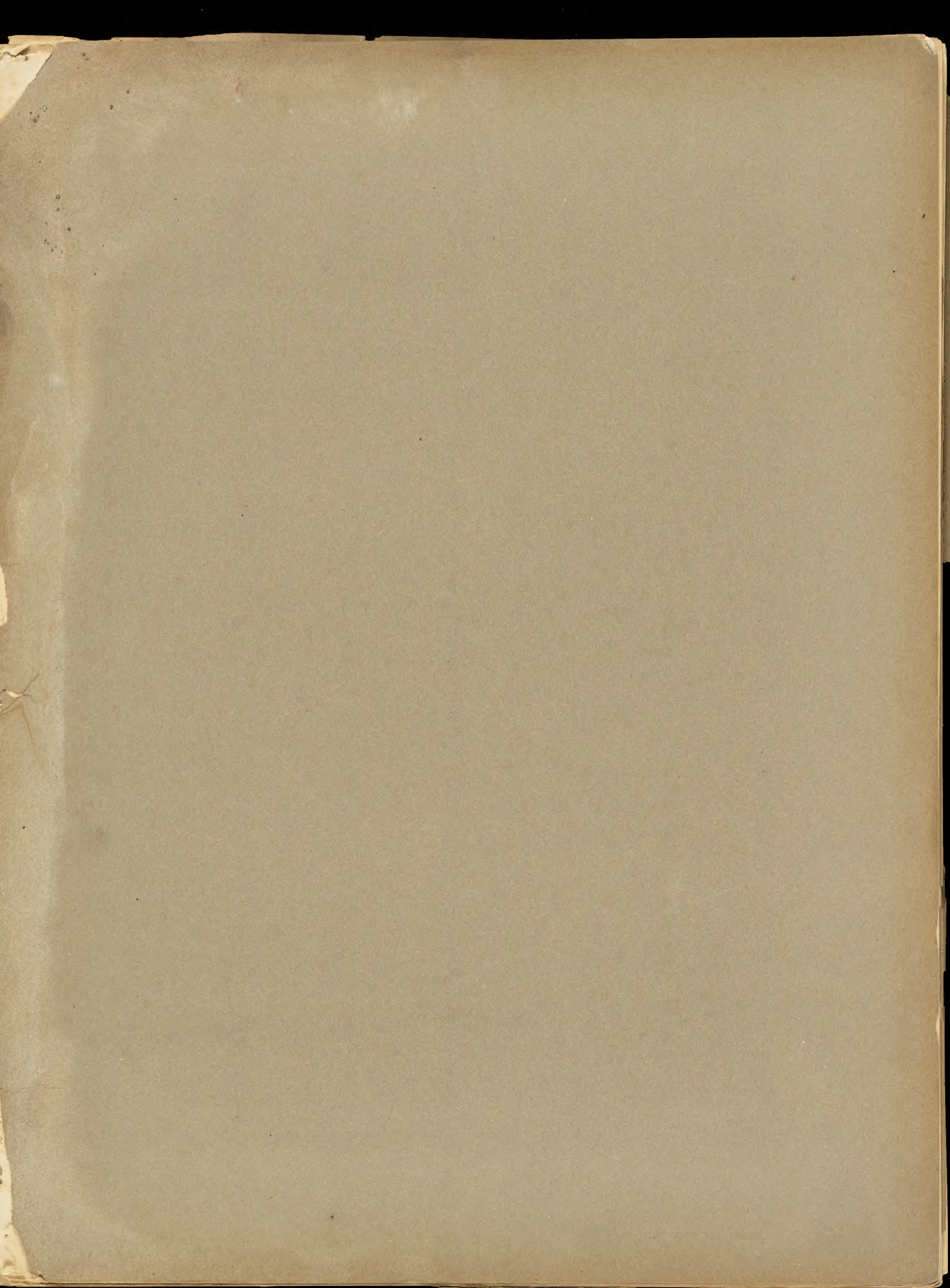
NEW YORK

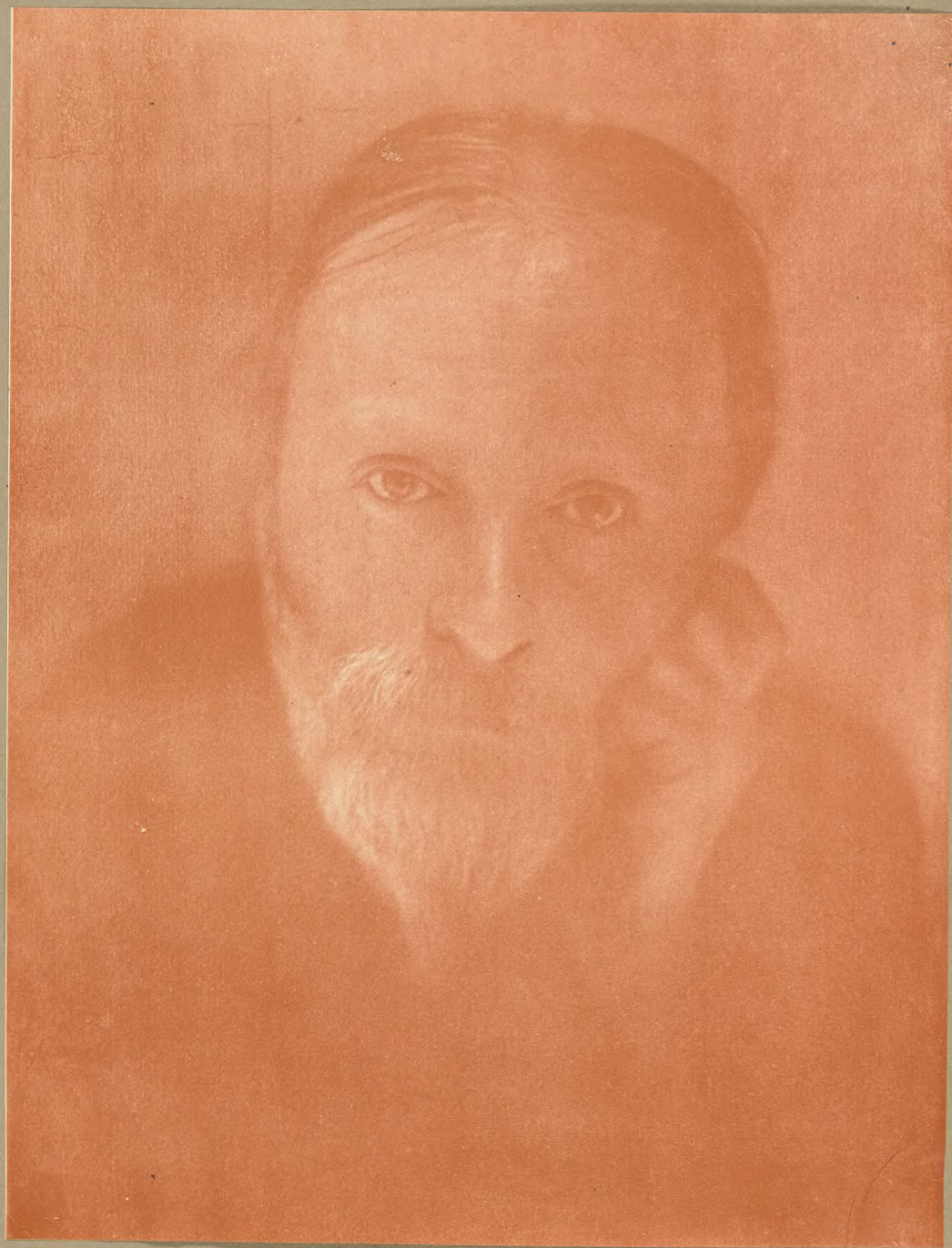
R. H. RUSSELL

MCMII

Copyright, 1902, by
ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

WAYSIDE DEPARTMENT OF THE
UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.





INTRODUCTION

*C*ET art-là doit vous paraître malsain et dangereux. Vous avez raison, je le sais ; mais, ai-je tort de l'aimer parceque j'y retrouve, quelquefois, des souvenirs de ce que je n'ai peut-être jamais vu, mais que certainement je ne reverrai jamais plus.

LOVERS of pictures may be divided into two classes — those who, in a painting, look for the portrayal of familiar things, the commonplace facts of everyday life ; and those who would behold, with the eyes of the spirit, in a world of imagination, sights which they dream of and long for, but which they never can see with mortal eyes.

For the former the work of Burne-Jones will bear no message ; to the latter it will be a key to unlock the door opening on a romantic and beautiful Dream-land that never was and never will be, — a land no one can define nor remember, only desire. Few have entered there ; fewer yet, having entered and seen, can tell or portray the sights that met their eyes. Foremost among artists of the nineteenth century to whom this dual gift of entry and of record has been given stands Burne-Jones. So far as can be learned, none of his immediate ancestors displayed marked interest in, or aptitude for, Art in any form, and one must look for the causes which impelled Burne-Jones to adopt Art, rather than, as he had intended, the Church, for his life-work, not in family so much as in racial inheritance. Of Welsh descent, to him was given a greater share of that peculiar temperament which is the common possession of the Celtic peoples than to any of his contemporaries, with the possible exception of William Morris, his lifelong friend and fellow-countryman.

A more rapt passion for things of beauty, spiritual beauty above all else, a fancy which was well-nigh inexhaustible, untiring industry, and forty years' steadfast adherence to his ideals brought their reward ; and whatever place may be assigned to Burne-Jones in the far future, he ranked, at the time of his death, as the greatest among contemporary English painters, nor have the four years that have elapsed since he passed away done aught but confirm this supremacy.

It is true that the world in which he held such undisputed sway was of his own creation, and bore but little resemblance to the world of fact which is around

INTRODUCTION

us. In this strange Dream-land he placed beings, likewise of his own creation, of pensive and penetrating sadness, and of a type of beauty entirely unlike that of any modern artist, which once seen can never be forgotten. One may accept or reject this ideal of beauty, but one cannot be indifferent to it. Some there be who, having little sympathy with such highly imaginative art or with the ideals underlying it, assert that they see in Burne-Jones' pictures merely an echo of Botticelli and Mantegna, tinged here and there with mannerisms adapted from earlier (and unidentified) Italian masters. Doubtless Burne-Jones derived a part of his inspiration from a study of the works of these earlier painters, but love for them did not prevent him from appreciating or profiting by art of such differing kinds as the mosaics at Ravenna or the paintings of the great Venetian colorists. To a study of the best work of the Florentines is doubtless due that wonderful sense of decoration in design, which was his supreme gift. Such drawings, studies in pencil, as those for "The Maske of Cupid" and the "Romance of the Rose" (reproductions of which are included in the present volume) would, alone, entitle him to rank as one of the great, original artists of the nineteenth century; and there are hundreds of drawings, of differing kinds but hardly less beautiful than these, which are almost unknown to the general public. At some future time it is hoped to reproduce a selection of these pencil drawings, and when they are issued there can be but one opinion as to their beauty. Even those least in sympathy with his work will then have to admit that, in this medium at least, Burne-Jones was a master and could rank with the greatest of any period in art.

As a painter his immortality is less secure. There is little freedom in his brush work; and his colour, though often of great beauty, and subtlety, is, at times, heavy. This was, perhaps, an inevitable result of his method of work, about which, as regards the actual painting of the picture, there was nothing spontaneous and nothing hasty. His plan was to make careful and elaborate studies, not only of the composition as a whole, but of every detail in it, and from these studies to build up his picture, as though it were a mosaic, piece by piece. The skill is beyond all praise, but the quality of inevitableness is entirely lacking in nearly all of his later works. "I love to treat my pictures," he used to say, "as a goldsmith does his jewels. I should like every inch of surface to be so fine that if all but a scrap from one of them were burned or lost, the man who found it might say: 'Whatever this may have represented, it is a work of art, beautiful in surface and quality and colour.'"

INTRODUCTION

Of course, the charm of colour is lacking in any reproduction, but the loss is not so great in the case of Burne-Jones as might appear at first sight, since translation into terms of black and white has tended to accentuate and bring into stronger relief precisely those qualities which make for real and enduring greatness in his work.

Thanks are due to Mr. Frederick Hollyer for permission to reproduce, from photographs furnished by him, the paintings and drawings contained in this book. To the vast majority of picture-lovers Burne-Jones' work can be known only through reproductions, and we in America certainly owe Mr. Hollyer a debt of gratitude for having translated the paintings, water colours, or drawings of Burne-Jones in so masterly a manner; for although the beauty in his photographs differs in kind from that of the originals, it is, in its own way, hardly less fascinating.

FITZROY CARRINGTON

ORIENTA COTTAGE
MAMARONECK, NEW YORK
January 21, 1902

THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT

ARGUMENT

THIS charming and tender work illustrates the old Florentine legend of S. Giovanni Gualberto, the knight of old who rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death, but spared his enemy and forgave him when he asked for mercy in the name of Christ who had died on the cross on that day. Later, as on the hill of San Miniato the merciful knight knelt before the wayside crucifix, the carved effigy of the Saviour bent to kiss him, and the miracle moved him to abandon the profession of arms for a holy life.

“**M**ERCIFUL Christ, from Thee it was not hid,
Merciful Christ, who saw'st what this man did,
This man in Thine own image — Christ forbid !

“In Thine own image? Nay! this image here
Hath more of Thee . . . I never yet knew fear;
I tremble lest that soul to Thee be dear!

“Yet, an Thou lov'st all souls, Thou lovest this.
Thy life Thou gav'st, that it might live in bliss,
Although it should betray Thee with a kiss.

“How oft shall I forgive? Seventy times seven?
I had rather have lost my life here than forgiven.
I had rather have lost my life there, in Thy Heaven.

“My heart is stone and doubts. Hast Thou a heart?
See, I forgive! — With Thee I have no part.
A painted corpse — a thing of wood Thou art!”

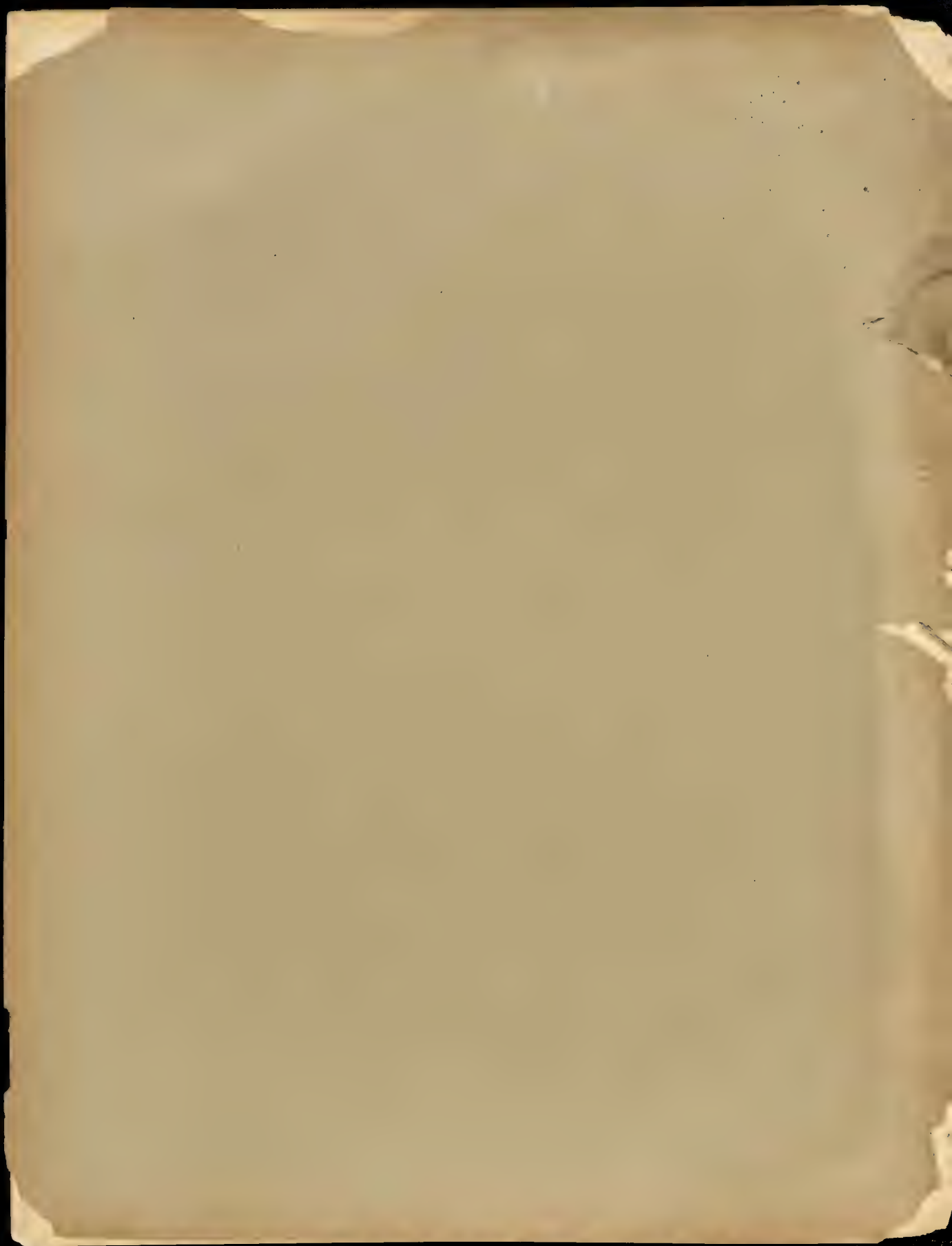
Thereat he saw no more a thing of wood.
Thereat Christ came into the Holy Rood.
Thereat he knelt and knew that Christ made good.

The foe, whose hatred love could never tire,
Looked on a sudden back, with fierce desire,
And felt forgiveness burn like coals of fire.

“ANODOS”



Of a Knight who forgave his enemy when he might have destroyed him and how the image of Christ kissed him in token that his acts had pleased God.



CUPID AND PSYCHE

CUPID AND PSYCHE

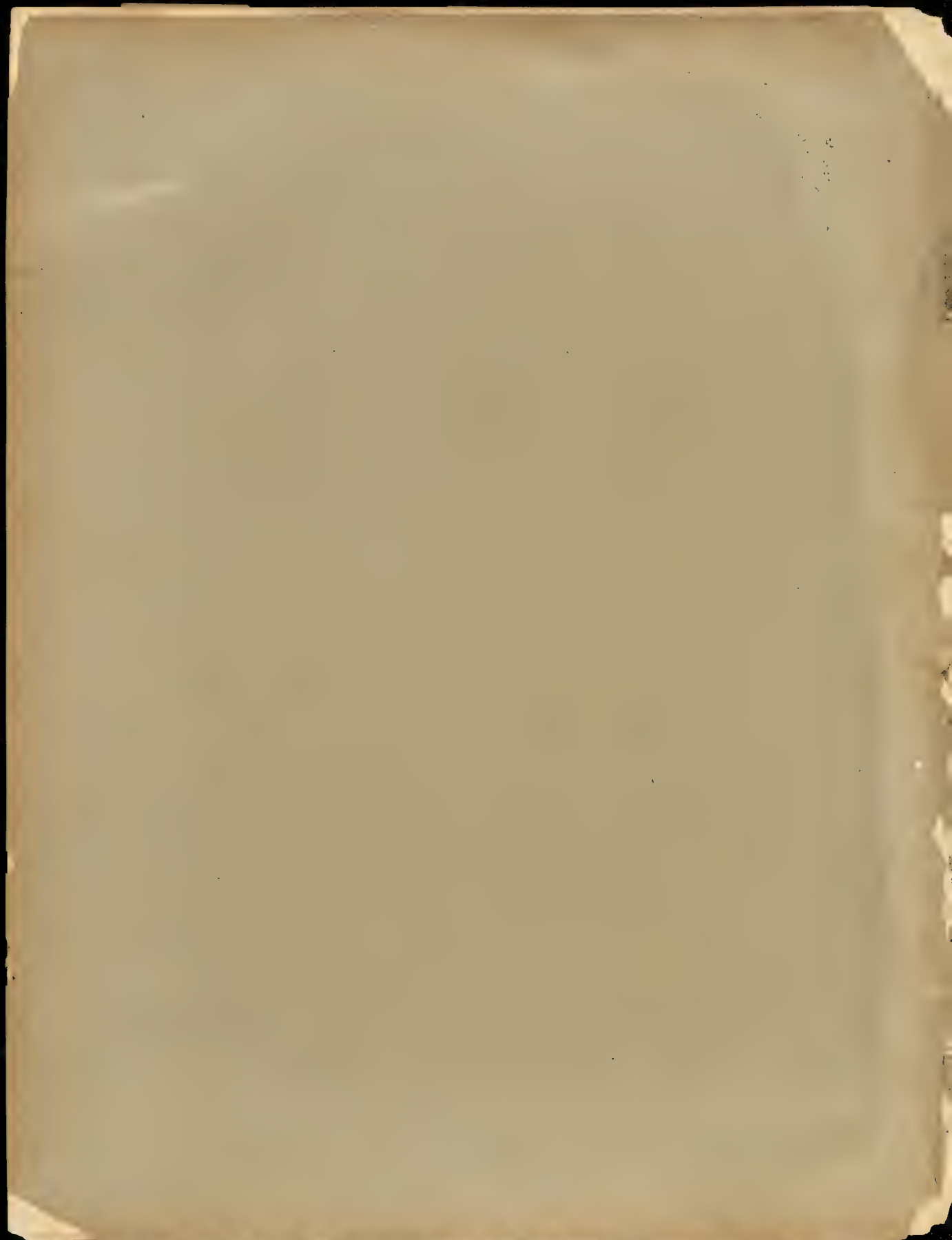
ARGUMENT

PSYCHE, a king's daughter, by her exceeding beauty caused the people to forget Venus ; therefore the goddess would fain have destroyed her : nevertheless, she became the bride of Love, yet in an unhappy moment lost him by her own fault, and, wandering through the world, suffered many evils at the hands of Venus, for whom she must accomplish fearful tasks. But the gods and all nature helped her, and in process of time she was reunited to Love, forgiven by Venus, and made immortal by the Father of gods and men.

WITHAL at last amidst a fair green close,
Hedged round about with woodbine and red rose,
Within the flicker of a white-thorn shade
In gentle sleep he found the maiden laid ;
One hand that held a book had fallen away
Across her body, and the other lay
Upon a marble fountain's plashing rim,
Among whose broken waves the fish showed dim,
But yet its wide-flung spray now woke her not,
Because the summer day at noon was hot,
And all sweet sounds and scents were lulling her.
So soon the rustle of his wings 'gan stir
Her looser folds of raiment, and the hair
Spread wide upon the grass and daisies fair,
As Love cast down his eyes with a half smile,
Godlike and cruel, that faded in a while,
And long he stood above her hidden eyes
With red lips parted in a god's surprise.

WILLIAM MORRIS
"THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE"





PAN AND PSYCHE

PAN AND PSYCHE

THEN Psyche fell flat on the ground and as long as she might see her husband she cast her eyes after him into the air, weeping and lamenting piteously: but being gone out of her sight, she threw herself into the next running river, for the great anguish she was in for the lacke of her husband; howbeit the water would not suffer her to be drowned, but tooke pity upon her in the honor of Cupide, which accustomed to broile and burne the river, and so threw her upon the banke amongst the hearbs. Then Pan the rusticall god sitting on the riverside, embracing and teaching the goddess Canna to tune her songs and pipes, by whom were feeding the yong and tender goats, after that he perceived Psyche in sorrowful case, not ignorant (I know not by what meanes) of her miserable estate, endeavoured to pacifie her in this sort: O faire maid I am a rusticke and rude heardsman, howbeit (by reason of my old age) expert in many things, for as farre as I can learne by conjecture, which (according as wise men do terme) is called divination, I perceive by your uncertain gate, your pale hue, your sobbing sighes, and your watry eyes, that you are greatly in love. Wherefore hearken to me, and go not about to slay yourselfe, nor weepe not at all, but rather adore and worship the great god Cupide, and win him unto you by your gentle promise of service. When the god of shepheards had spoken these words, she gave no answer, but made reverence to him as a god, and so departed.

THE MOST PLEASANT AND DELECTABLE TALE OF THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHES
Done into English by William Adlington from the Latin of Lucius Apuleius

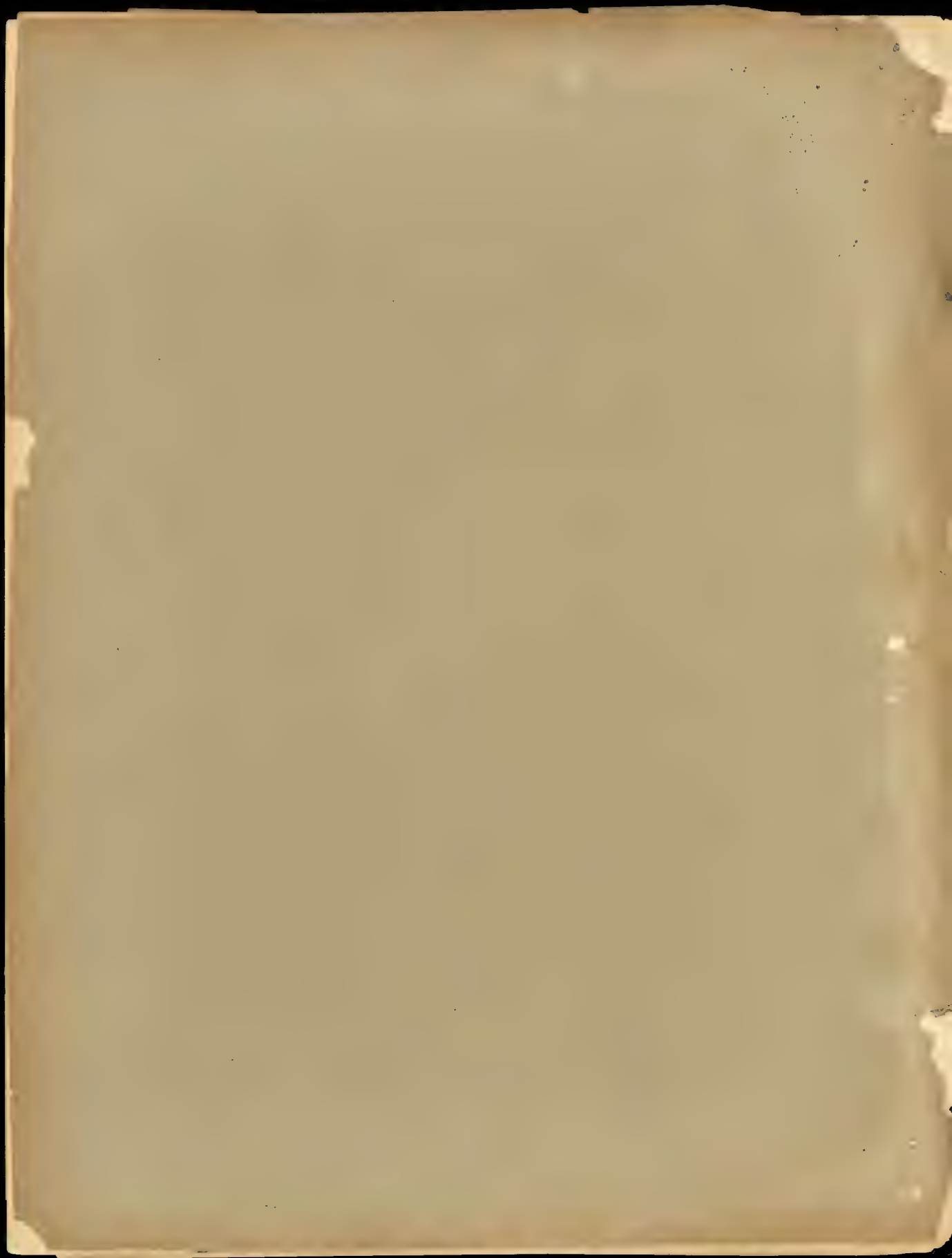
PAN AND PSYCHE

SHE moved at last, and lifting up her face,
Gathered her raiment up and cried, "Farewell,
O fairest lord! and since I cannot dwell
With thee in heaven, let me now hide my head
In whatsoever dark place dwell the dead!"

And with that word she leapt into the stream.
But the kind river even yet did deem
That she should live, and, with all gentle care,
Cast her ashore within a meadow fair,
Upon the other side, where Shepherd Pan
Sat looking down upon the water wan,
Goat-legged and merry, who called out, "Fair maid,
Why goest thou hurrying to the feeble shade
Whence none return? Well do I know thy pain,
For I am old, and have not lived in vain;
Thou wilt forget all that within a while,
And on some other happy youth will smile;
And sure he must be dull indeed if he
Forget not all things in his ecstasy
At sight of such a wonder made for him,
That in that clinging gown makes mine eyes swim,
Old as I am: but to the god of Love
Pray now, sweet child, for all things can he move."

WILLIAM MORRIS
"THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE"





THE WINE OF CIRCE



THE WINE OF CIRCE

THESE in a dale did Circe's house descry,
Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.
Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay ;
Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made
That wolf nor lion would one man invade
With any violence.

At her gates I stay'd
And call'd; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,

Invited, led ; I follow'd in, but trac'd
With some distraction. In a throne she plac'd
My welcome person ; of a curious frame
'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame ;
A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
Deform'd things thinking ; for amidst the wine
She mix'd her man-transforming medicine ;
Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then
No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
But struck me with her rod, and to her sty
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.

From "THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER"

Translated according to the Greek, by George Chapman

DUSK-HAIRED and gold-robed o'er the
golden wine

She stoops, wherein, distilled of death and
shame.

Sink the black drops ; while, lit with fragrant
flame,

Round her spread board the golden sunflowers
shine.

Doth Helios here with Hecate combine

(O Circe, thou their votaress?) to proclaim

For these thy guests all rapture in Love's
name.

Till pitiless Night give Day the countersign?

Lords of their hour, they come. And by her knee

Those cowering beasts, their equals heretofore,

Wait; who with them in new equality

To-night shall echo back the sea's dull roar

With a vain wail from passion's tide-strown
shore

Where the dishevelled seaweed hates the sea.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



THE GARDEN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come ;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded with my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni, the Sylvans, and Fauns,

And the nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the daedal Earth,
 And of Heaven — and the giant wars,
 And of Love, and Death, and Birth, —
 And then I changed my pipings, —
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE WOOD NYMPH

BORN of the Spring with berries in your hand,
Wistful you wait as one that waiteth long
For love to come adown the dreary land.
Yet not for love but for the perfect song
You wait exalted in your laurel bower
And guard the meed of man's immortal pain,
The laurel's heart, old Eden's deathless dower
To those who wrest from life's loss all their gain.

Oh living love is sweet, and sweet the kiss
On living lips, and sweet it is to know
Love's heart laid bare in all the throb of life.
Yet some there are for whom love holds but strife
And need that they the fruits of love forego —
* For them the laurel bears the braver bliss !

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY



THE SEA NYMPH

THE pagan poets peopled land and sea
With forms fantastic in their fancy bred.
The forest glades were all inhabited
By goat-shanked satyrs, fauns, that mirthfully
Joined hands with dryads to Pan's minstrelsy,
While o'er the plains the swift-hoofed Centaurs sped.
These last were they who when the feast was spread
With slaughter filled the vales of Thessaly.

The waters knew the Oceanides,
Cleaving the purple waves with golden trail;
With long locks loosened in the wet salt breeze
And white breasts bared unto the stinging spray,
Shimmering they sped with glittering scale on scale
And joined the flying fishes in their play.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY



F



STUDIES FOR THE MASKE OF CUPID

AND after them Dissemblance and Suspect
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire ;
 For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
 Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned and exceeding faire :
 Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
 haire ;
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she
 twynd.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere ;
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
 Yet inly being more than seeming sad ;
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours
 dart.



But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed ;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare :
In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there ;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

EDMUND SPENSER
"THE FAERIE QUEENE." Book iii. Canto 12. Verses 14, 16, 17

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name :
She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes own ymage figured in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight ;
Yet in that horror shewed a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

EDMUND SPENSER
"THE FAERIE QUEENE." Book iii. Canto 12. Verse 19

THE PILGRIM AT THE GATE OF IDLENESS

At last
Mine eye with eager joy I cast^a
Upon a wicket, straight and small,
Worked in the stern, forbidding wall,
And forthwith set myself to get
An entry there, whate'er might let.
Full many a time with sounding blow
I struck the door, and, head bent low,
Stood hearkening who might make reply.
The horn-beam wicket presently
Was opened by a dame of air
Most gracious and of beauty rare:
Her flesh as tender chicken's was;
Her blond locks bright as bowl of brass;
Radiant her brow; of arching due
Her eyebrows; and well-spaced the two;
Neither too small, nor yet too great
Her nose, but straight and delicate.
No falcon, I would boldly swear,
Hath eyes that could with hers compare.
Her breath was sweet as breeze, Thyme-fed;
Her cheeks commingled white and red;
Her mouth a rosebud, and her chin
Well-rounded, with sweet cleft therein.
Her flower-like neck, of measure meet,

The purest lily well might beat
For fairness, free of spot or wem.
A chaplet on her brow was set
Of orfrees; never maiden yet
More lovesome looked, and though my days
I spent to sing her beauty's praise,
'T were done but insufficiently.
A graceful silken robe wore she,
And on her head a garland bare
Of roses, which the orfrees fair
Surmounted.
With pleasant mien, in nowise high
Or haughty, made she quick reply:
"My dear companions well express
My name, who call me Idleness,
A rich and puissant woman I,
Passing the time right gleefully;
Nought else have I to think upon
Save what fair raiment I shall don
What rich and costly jewels wear,
How deck my head, and 'tire my hair.
When this is finished then my day
Is ended, and to mirth and play
I give myself."

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 523-551: 561-569: 593-605





LOVE LEADING THE PILGRIM



LOVE LEADING THE PILGRIM

NO sooner had his counsel sped,
 Than suddenly, quick vanished
 The Lord of Love, and all amazed
 I stood, as one aghast and dazed.
 Once more I felt misease to prick
 My soul with anguish to the quick,
 And straightway felt that I must gain
 The rosebud, would I cure the pain
 That racked my wounded heart. To none
 I looked for help except alone
 The God of Love. Full well I knew
 That vain and foolish 't were to sue
 For other's aid: no power but his
 Could save me in this pass ywis.

A hedge thick-grown with thorns stood round
 The rose-tree, but at one short bound
 Had I o'erpassed its height. . . .

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 2881-2897



THE DREAMER AND THE ROSE

A HEAP were roses! none I ween
Elsewhere 'neath Heaven's blue dome
hath seen

Such rich profusion; some as yet
Mere buds, which therefore ne'er had met
Rude Boreas' kiss, while others were
Half opened, and such beauty rare
Displayed as no man would despise
Who once thereon had cast his eyes.

Amongst them all
My rapturous eyes on one did fall,
Whose perfect loveliness outvied
All those beside it. I espied
With joy its lovely petals, which
Kind Nature's hand had dyed with rich
Deep crimson hue. Its perfect leaves
Were formed of two quadruple sheaves,

Which side by side stood firm and fair,
With stalk strong grown enough to bear
The full-grown bloom which did not bend
Or languish, but most sweetly spend
Its fragrance on the air around,
And rapt my senses in profound
Yet soft delight. Whene'er I smelt
Its odour, strong desire I felt
Possess me wholly that I might
Snatch for mine own that dear delight.
But thorns and thistles grew so thick
Around the rose-bush, prone to prick
And wound the profanous hand that dared
Approach and grasp it, that I spared
To risk the rash attempt, afraid
My love might be with wounds apaid

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

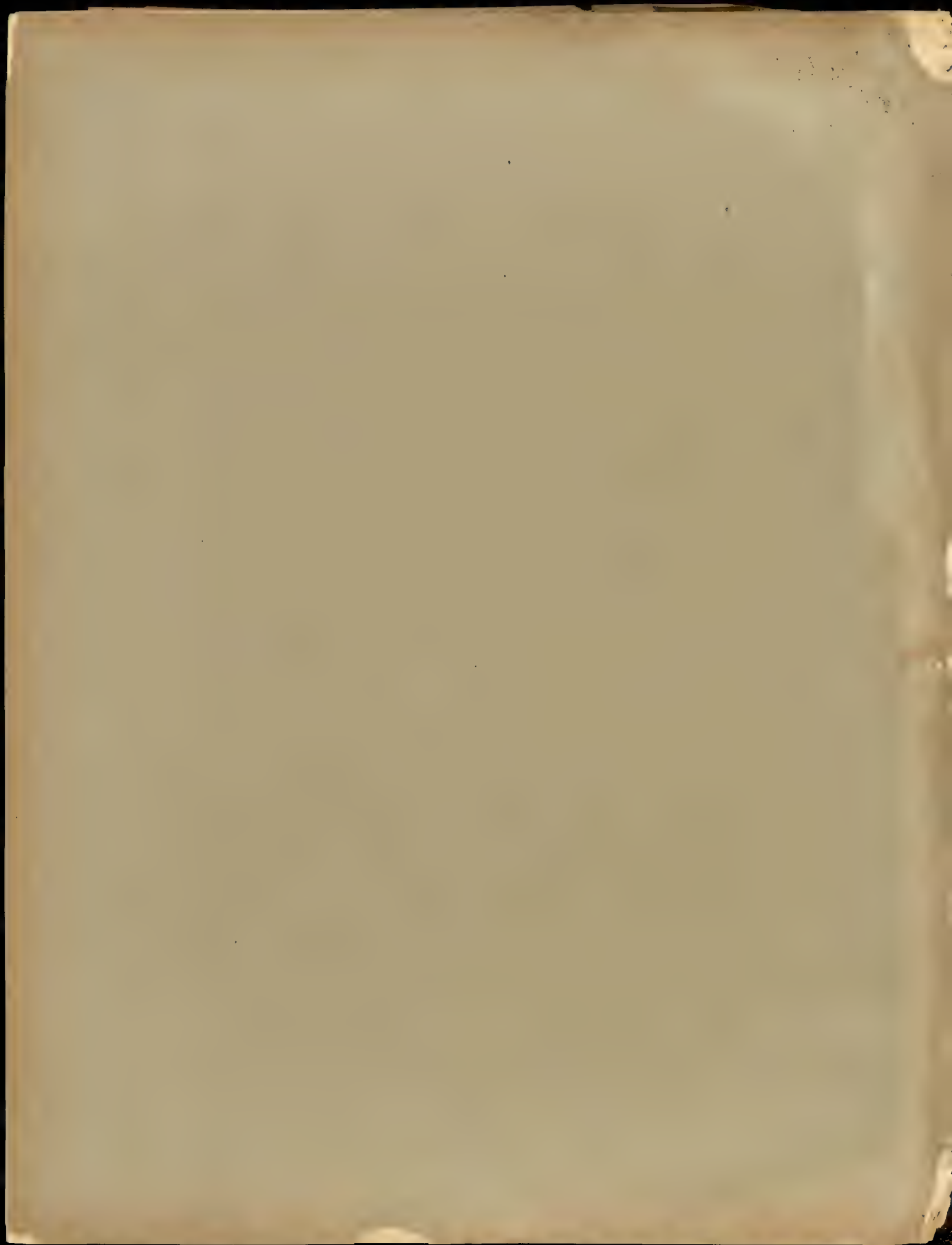
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 1707-1714; 1727-1750

THE HEART OF THE ROSE

THEN Franchise hastened toward me soon,
Leading Fair-Welcome, who with bright
And friendly glances met my sight.
To tears of joy mine eyes did melt,
Assured in heart that naught he felt
Of wrath against me. Then he took
My hand with reassuring look,
Leading once within the bound
That cinctured Rose and Rose-bud round
Therein to wander as I would,
Nought fearing Danger's evil mood.
And thus I passed — believe me well —
To brightest heaven, from darkest hell,
For all throughout that closure rare
Fair-Welcome left me free to fare
Whereso I would, and when the tree
I came anear, it seemed to me
That somewhat larger had it grown
Since first I cast mine eyes upon
Its wondrous beauty. Greater height
The bush had gained, but not yet quite
The bud had oped its eye to show
The golden grain that lay below ;
While o'er its head, as 't were a roof,
The petals bent them for behoof
And guarding of the precious seed,
Which future roses yet should breed.
But, God be thanked, the bud I found
Of just expansion, full and round
Of growth, and far more fair of hue
Than heretofore ; it seemed anew
To fill my heart with extasy,
To think so sweet a thing might be
Seen on the surface of the earth.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 3486-3523





RICHELLE AND LARGESSE

RICHESSSE AND LARGESSE

RICHESSSE around her girdlestead
Was gloriouswise encinctured
Above her purple robe. A stone
Of magic power and virtue shone
Amidst thereof: the wight who bore
This stone need poisons fear no more,
For 'gainst all vemons which to man
Bear danger, 't was a talisman,

No silk or satin plaits she ware
To hold her wealth of yellow hair,
But golden circlets, thrice refined,
The glory of her head confined.
A subtle pen that scribe would own
Who could at full describe each stone
And gem unvalued, richly set
Within her gorgeous coronet,
For not a man on earth can guess
Their untold worth and pricelessness.
Sky-shaming sapphires, rubies red
As pigeon's blood but newly shed,
Garnets and emeralds weighed not less
Than ounces ten; but profitless
It were that I should strive to paint
The great carbuncle's glory, faint
And poor were any words of mine
To warrant how 't is wont to shine
So clearly that on murkiest night,
Devoid of lamp, the wearer might
(So strongly shoots its brilliant ray)
For many a league pursue his way.
Such brightness sprang from forth this stone
That every part of Richesse shone
With glory, body, feet, and face
As though bright stars belit the place.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 1107-1114; 1125-1150



THEN next to noble Richesse came
 Largesse, a free and generous dame,
 No man on earth I trow doth live
 Loves more to grasp than she to give
 Honour and wealth; to Alexander
 Is she akin, and loves to squander
 Her gifts if but for giving's sake,
 Crying to all who pass: Come take!
 Poor pinching Avarice loves not more
 To keep and gather needless store
 Than Largesse doth to scatter wide
 Her good, and still doth God provide
 Her plenteous wise, for while 't is spent

Thus freely, still doth it augment.

A purple garment, rich and cool,
 Enwoven in the Mawmet school
 Of Saracens did Largesse wear;
 Left open 't was, with careless care,
 About the neck, for latterly
 Unto a dame hard by her she
 Had lent the mordant; passing well
 I liked the fashion, made to tell
 The snowy whiteness of her throat,
 Which through thin gauze rapt eyes
 might note.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 1169-1182; 1205-1214

FRANCHISE AND COURTESY

FRANCHISE stood next, on Largesse' right,
Of skin as delicate, pure and white
As hawthorn bloom or June-tide rose,
Not of the Orleans twist her nose,
But well formed, long and straight; her brow
Bore eyebrows arched like Cupid's bow,
O'er laughing eyes; her long locks blond,
Her mien as simple, sweet and fond
As turtle-dove; her tender heart
Rejoiced in joy, or bore its part
With others' sadness, and was fain
To keep her lips when speech woke pain.
So piteous was she and so true,
She ne'er would suffer one to rue
His life for love of her, nay more,
Such sympathy towards all she bore,
That when she saw some man who sighed
For her, she'd hasten to his side,
To save his soul from misery dire.
Of finest woof was her attire,
And warrant I that never lass
Betwixt this place and far Arras
Wore daintier raiment. It was sewed
And broidered in such skilful mode,
That doubt I much could seam or point
Have been more skilfully adjoint.
Grateful and charming to the eye
Was Franchise' modest bravery;
For nothing ever suits so well
As simple frock for demoiselle,
And that in which Franchise was dight,
Linen of pure and spotless white;
By dyes unstained, did well express
The maiden's inward loveliness.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 1229-1262



AND next stood gracious Courtesy,
Who ne'er midst men can fail to be
Welcome: strangers to her are pride
And folly. Straightway to her side
She summoned me with kindly call
To join the gladsome dance withal.
Frank-eyed she was, and no deal shy
Or timid, but most graciously
Spake forth to me in friendly wise,
With pleasant words and quaint replies,

Wherein one found no poison lurk.
Her form was nature's perfect work,
And e'en as stars like candles mean
Beside the moon's bright rays are seen,
So her companions showed beside
Her dazzling beauty's winsome pride.
Than this fair damsel who shall find
A nobler face or gentler mind,
Or one who would more worship gain,
Should she as Queen or Empress reign?

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 1273-1292

LOVE AND BEAUTY

THE God of Love is dowered with grace
So richly, both in form and face,
That scarce, I deem, of his allure
My pen dare draw the portraiture.
Love's friends had woven from his bowers,
In scorn of silk, a robe of flowers,
All worked about with amorettes,
And tied with dainty bandelets
Bedecked with lozenges and scutcheons,
Leopards, strange outland beasts, and lions;
While blossoms of all colours were
Besprinkled o'er it, here and there.
'T were no light task some flower to name
That was not found thereon, each came,
To lend its beauty, blue perwinkle
'T wixt rose and yellow broom did twinkle,
With violets, pansies, birdseye blue,
And flowers untold of varied hue.
Sweet scented roses, red and pale,
(Round which flew many a nightingale)
Festooned Love's head, and every sort
Of bird seemed there to hold high court,
The skylark, blue-tit, merle and dove
Sang in his ear sweet songs of love,
Fluttering around his head, and he
One of God's angels looked to be.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 907-932



PERCEIVED I that the God of Love
 One noble lady sought above
 All others gathered there; she hight
 Dame Beauty, as that arrow bright
 Which bore her name was she, and dowed
 With gentle grace, which freely showed
 In all her movements. As the moon
 Makes candles of the stars, her noon
 Paled all her fellows: as the dew
 Her flesh was tender, and ne'er new
 And blushing bride more simple seemed;
 Where'er her skin peeped forth it gleamed
 As white as fleur-de-lis; her brow
 Was clear and fair as virgin snow,
 The while her form was tall and slight.

No need had she her face to dight
 With paint or other vain disguise,
 As women somewhiles use; despise
 And scorn might she such false allure,
 In nature's decking bright and pure.
 So plenteous grew her golden hair,
 That near her heels it reached I swear.
 Her nose, her mouth, her beaming eyes,
 Were such that when their beauties rise
 (God help me) in my thought they seem
 To make once more that glorious dream.
 Forsooth, so sweet she was and fair,
 With perfect rounded limbs that ne'er
 Throughout the world's broad space, I ween
 Aught could surpass her matchless sheen.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE
Translated by F. S. Ellis. Lines 1009-1038



CUPID'S FORGE

A GARDYN saw I ful of blospemy bowys
 Up-on a river in a grene mede,
 There as ther swetnesse everemore i-now is;
 With flouris white, blewe, and yelwe, and rede,
 And colde welle-stremys no-thyng dede,
 That stremys ful of small fischis lite,
 With fynnyys rede and skalis sylvyr bryghte.

Undyr a tre be-syde a welle, I say
 Cupide oure lord hise arwis forge and file;
 And at his fet his bowe al redy lay,
 And wel his doughtyr temperede al this whyle
 The hevedis in the welle; and with hire wile
 She couchede hem aftyr they shoulde serve,
 Some for to sle and some to wounde and kerve.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

"THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES." Lines 183-188; 211-217



THE DREAM OF SIR LAUNCELOT BEFORE THE CHAPPELL OF THE SANCGREALL

BUT Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forrest, and held no path but as wild adventure lead him, and at the last he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes in wast land. And by the crosse was a ston that was of marble; but it was so darke that sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there hee wend to have found people. And so sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there hee put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went into the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire alter, ful richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candelstick which beare six great candel, and the candelstick was of silver. And when sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but hee could find no place where hee might enter. Then was he passing heavie and dismaied. Then hee returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture; and unlaced his helme, and ungirded his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield before the crosse.

SIR THOMAS MALORY
"LA MORT D'ARTHURE"

MERLIN AND NIMUE

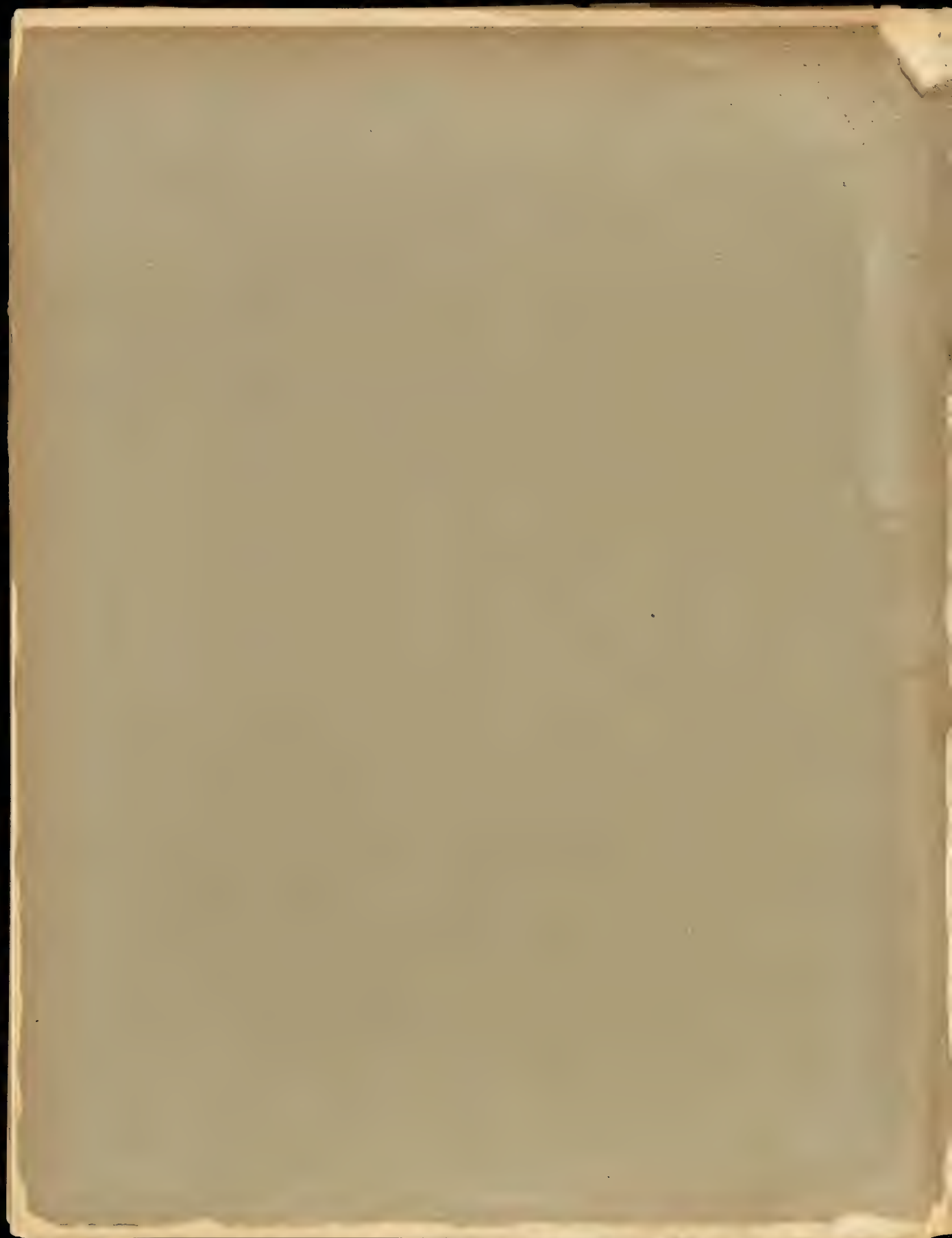
THEN after these quests of sir Gawaine, of sir Tor, and of king Pellinore, Merlin fel in a dotage on the damosel that king Pellinore brought to the court with him, and she was one of the damosels of the lake which hight Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but alwayes he would be with her in every place. And ever she made Merlin good cheere, till she had learned of him all manner thing that shee desired; and hee was so sore assotted upon her that he might not be from her. So upon a time he told unto king Arthur that he should not endure long, and that for al his crafts he should be put in the earth quicke; and so he told the king many things that should befall, but alwayes he warned king Arthur to keepe welles his sword Excalibur and the scabbard, for he told him how the sword and scabbard should be stolen by a woman from him that hee most trusted. . . . And then he departed from king Arthur. And within a while the damosell of the lake departed, and Merlin went evermore with her wheresoever she went. And oftentimes Merlin would have had her privily away by his subtile crafts, and then she made him to sweare that he should never do none enchantment upon her if he would have his will, and so he swore. . . . Merlin showed her many wonders, . . . and she was everpassing verry of him, and faine would have beene delivered of him, for she was afraid of him, because he was a divels sonne, and she could not put him away by no meanes.

And so upon a time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her in a roche where as was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, which went under a stone. So by her subtile craft and working she made Merlin to goe under that stone to let her wit of the mervailes there; but she wrought so there for him that he never came out, for all the craft that he could doe. And so she departed, and left Merlin.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

"LA MORT D'ARTHURE." "How Merlin was assotted and doted on one of the ladies of the lake, and he was shut in a roche under a stone by a wood side, and there died."





THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN

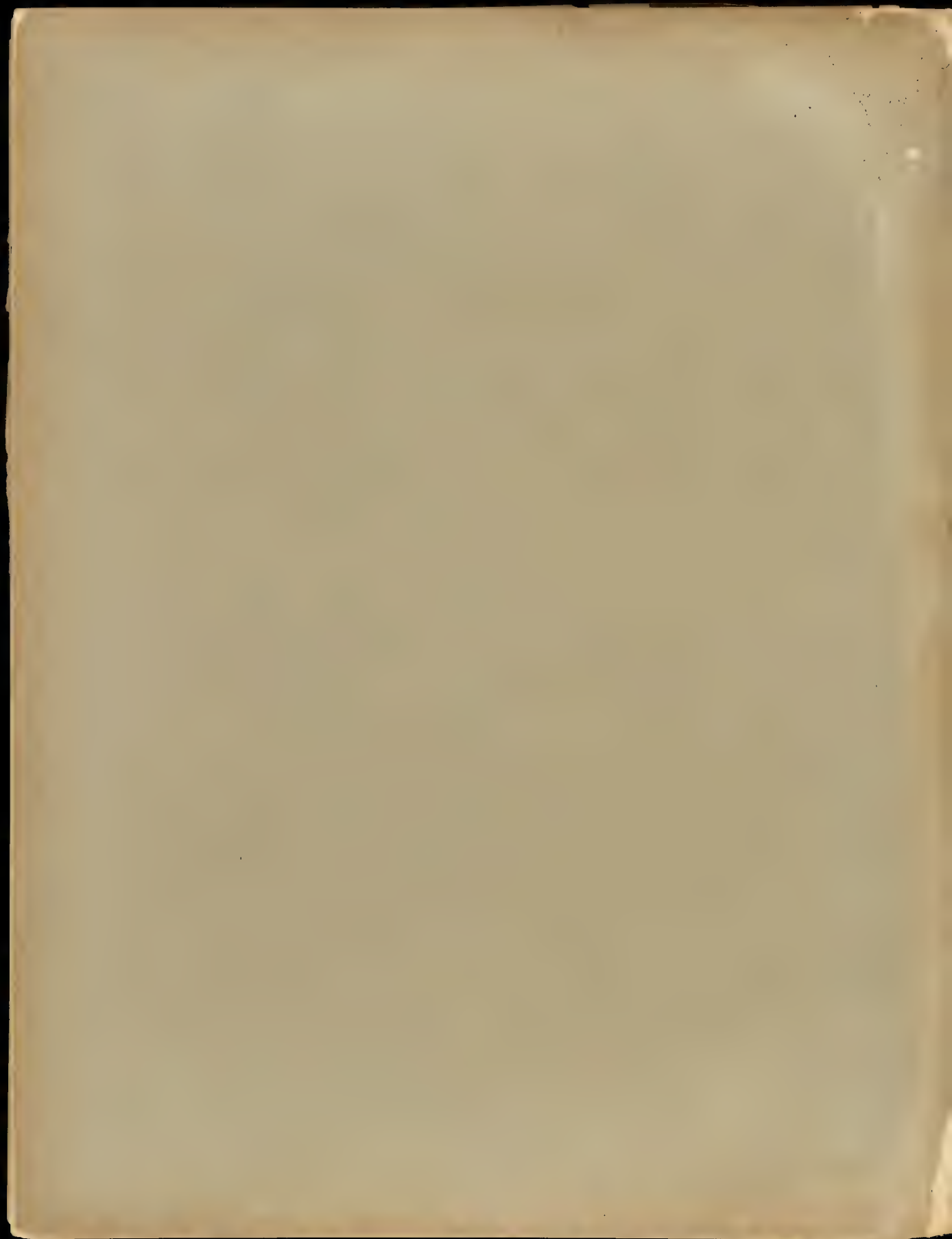
THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN

. . . Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

ALFRED TENNYSON
"MERLIN AND VIVIEN"





THE PRIORESSES TALE

THE PRIORESSES TALE

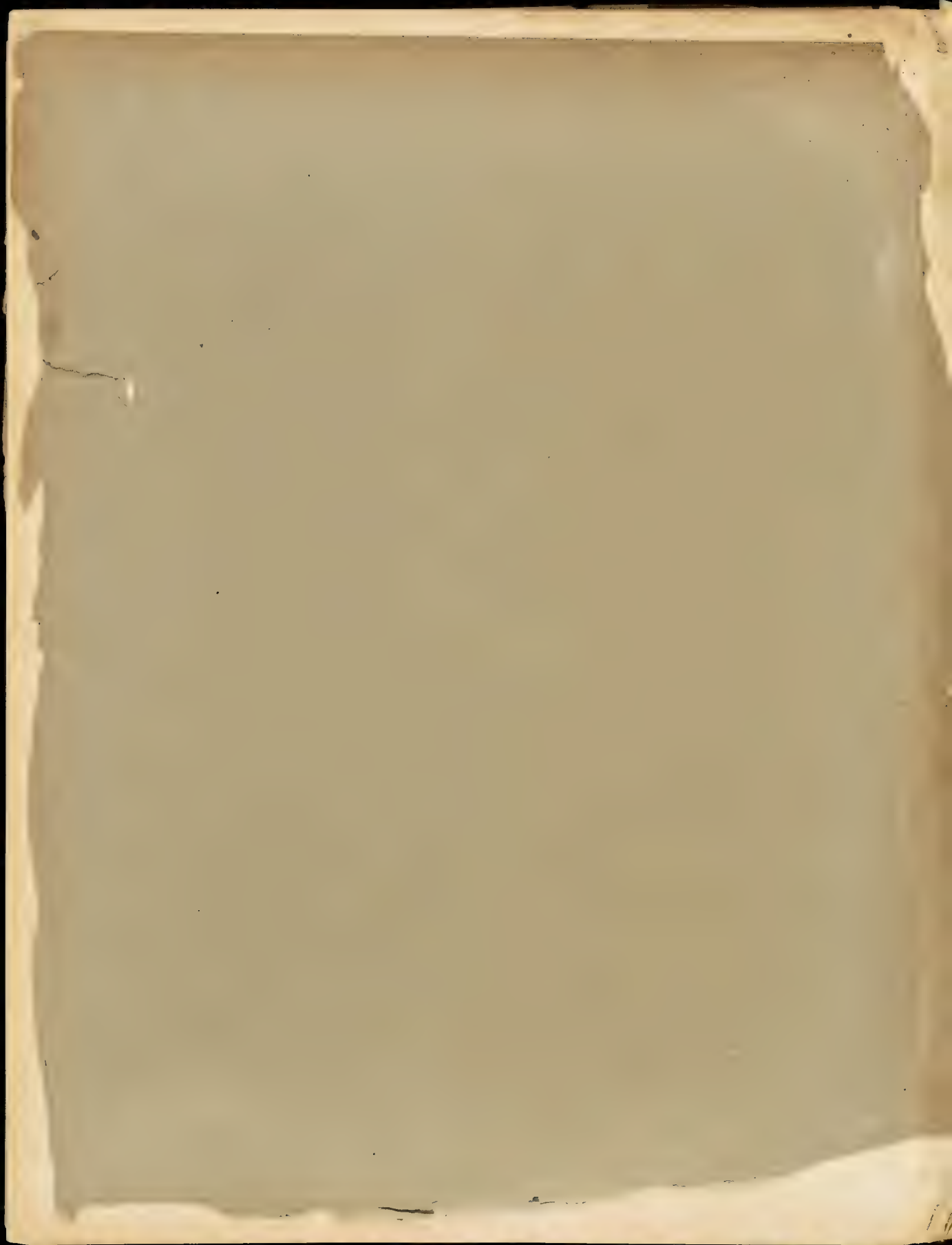
ARGUMENT

AT the further end of a street running through the Jewish quarter of a city in Asia was a school for Christian children, to which went, among many others, a little chorister boy seven years of age. One day he heard some of the older choristers learning to sing the hymn "O Nursing Mother of the Redeemer," and begged one of his fellows to expound and teach it to him. Having learned this hymn, he sang it daily on his way to and from school through the street of the Jews, which so incensed them that they cut his throat and cast his body into a pit. The child's mother searched diligently for him, and at length chanced upon the pit where he was lying. In answer to her lamentations, the child commenced to sing the "*Alma redemptoris*," and so disclosed his whereabouts. They laid him upon a bier and brought him to the Abbot, who, after sprinkling the child with holy water, asked him how he could still sing after his throat had been cut. The child relates how this miracle came to pass and, the Abbot having taken away the "greyn" from his tongue, gives up the ghost.

"MY throte is kut un-to my nekke boon,"
Seydè this child, "and as by wey of kynde
I sholde have dyed, ye, long tyme agon;
But Jhesu Crist, as ye in bookes fynde,
Wil that his glorie laste and be in mynde,
And, for the worship of his mooder deere,
Yet may I synge O *Alma* loude and cleere.
"This welle of mercy, Cristes mooder sweete,
I loved alwey, as after my konnyng,
And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,
To me she cam, and bade me for to synge
This anthem verrailly in my deyyng,
As ye han herd, and whan that I hadde songe
Me thoughte she leyde a greyn up-on my tonge:
Wherfore I synge, and synge I moot certeyn
In honour of that blisful mayden free,
Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn;
And afterward thus seyde she to me,
'My litel child, now wol I fecche thee
Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge ytake;
Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake.'"

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
"BOOK OF THE TALES OF CAUNTERBURY:"
"THE PRIORESSES TALE." Lines 6261-6281





PYRAMUS AND THISBE



PYRAMUS A

TWO lordes, which that were of grete renoune,
 And woneden so neigh upon a grene,
 That ther nas but a stoon wal hem betwene,
 As ofte in grette tounes ys the wone.
 And sooth to seyn, that o man had a sone,
 Of al that londe oon the lustieste;
 That other had a doghtre, the faireste

That esteward in the worlde was tho dwellynge.

This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
 Thesbe highte the maide.

This wal, which that bitwixe hem bothe stode,
 Was cloven atwoo, right fro the toppe adoune,
 Of old tyme, of his foundacioun.
 But yit this clyft was so narwe and lite



at love cannot espye
at I shall not lie
little narrow cliffe
soft as any shifte
through the cliffe pace
stondeh in the place
love and all ther woe
my dursle so



ND THISBE

Yt was nat seene, deere ynough a myte;
But what is that that love kannat espye?
Ye lovers twoo, yf that I shal nat lye,
Ye founden first this litel narwe cliffe,
And with a sounne as softe as any shryfte,
They leete hir wordes thurgh the cliffe pace,
And tolden, while that they stoden in the place,
Al hire compleynt of love, and al hire woo.
At every tyme when they dorste soo,

Upon the o syde of the walle stood he,
And on that other syde stood Thesbe,
The swoote sounne of other to receyve,
And thus hire wardeyns wolde they disceyve,
And every day this walle they wolde threete,
And wisse to God that it were doune ybete.

CHAUCER

"THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN:"

"THISBE, THE MARTYR OF BABYLON." Lines 711-755

FAIR. ROSAMOND AND QUEEN ELEANOR

ROSAMOND the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke (A.D. 1177) where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working ; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze ; but it was commonly said, that lastly, the queene came to her by a clue of thridde or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after ; but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe :

*" Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda :
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."*

STOW'S ANNALS

FOR when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone ;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knight,
In an unhappy houre ;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.



But when the queene with steadfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

“Cast off from thee those robes,” she said,
“That rich and costly bee;
And drinke thou up this deadly draught,
Which I have brought to thee.”

THOMAS PERCY
“RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY”

SIDONIA VON BORK

THIS Sidonia von Bork was in her youth the most beautiful and richest of the maidens of Pomerania. She inherited many estates from her parents, and thus was in her own right a possessor almost of a county. So her pride increased, and many noble gentlemen who sought her in marriage were rejected with disdain, as she considered that a count or prince alone could be worthy of her hand. For these reasons she attended the Duke's court frequently, in the hopes of winning over one of the seven young princes to her love. At length she was successful; Duke Ernest Louis von Wolgast, aged about twenty, and the handsomest youth in Pomerania, became her lover, and even promised her his hand in marriage. This promise he would faithfully have kept if the Stettin princes, who were displeased at the prospect of this unequal alliance, had not induced him to abandon Sidonia, by means of the portrait of the Princess Hedwig of Brunswick, the most beautiful princess in all Germany. Sidonia thereupon fell into such despair, that she resolved to renounce marriage forever, and bury the remainder of her life in the convent of Marienfließ, and thus she did. But the wrong done to her by the Stettin princes lay heavy upon her heart, and the desire for revenge increased with years; besides, in place of reading the Bible, her private hours were passed studying the *Amadis*, wherein she found many examples of how forsaken maidens have avenged themselves upon their false lovers by means of magic. So at last she yielded to the temptations of Satan, and after some years learned the secrets of witchcraft from an old woman. By means of this unholy knowledge, along with several other evil deeds, she so bewitched the whole princely race that the six young princes, who were each wedded to a young wife, remained childless; but no public notice was taken until Duke Francis succeeded to the Duchy in 1618. He was a ruthless enemy to witches; all in the land were sought out with great diligence and burned, and as they unanimously named the Abbess of Marienfließ upon the rack, she was brought to Stettin by command of the Duke, when she freely confessed all the evil wrought by her sorceries upon the princely race.

The Duke promised her life and pardon if she would free the other princes from the ban; but her answer was that she had enclosed the spell in a padlock, and flung it into the sea, and having asked the devil if he could restore the padlock again to her, he replied: "No; that was forbidden to him;" by which every one can perceive that the destiny of God was in the matter.

And so it was that, notwithstanding the intercession of all the neighbouring courts, Sidonia was brought to the scaffold at Stettin, there beheaded, and afterwards burned.

From the inscription behind the painted portrait of Sidonia von Bork, in the castle of Count von Bork at Stargord, near Regenwalde; as described By William Meinhold in his preface to "SIDONIA THE SORCERESS."



CLARA VON BORK

CLARA VON DEWITZ . . . was a year older than Sidonia, intelligent, courageous, and faithful, with a quiet, amiable disposition, and of most pious and Christian demeanor. . . . She was privately betrothed to her Grace's Master of the Horse, Marcus Bork by name, a cousin of Sidonia's.

Now, after some time, it happened that the states of the duchy assembled at Wollin, . . . and Marcus Bork, along with all the other nobles, was summoned to attend the diet. So, with great grief, he had to leave his dear wife. . . . Then he bid her be of good courage, and, above all things, to guard herself against Sidonia, and mind strictly all his injunctions concerning her. Alas! she too soon flung them all to the winds! For, behold, scarcely had the good knight arrived at Wollin when Clara was delivered of a little son, at which great joy filled the whole castle. And one messenger was despatched to Marcus, and another to old Dewitz and his wife, with the tidings; but woe, alas! the good old mother was going to stand sponsor for a nobleman's child in the neighbourhood, and could not hasten then to save her dear daughter from terrible and cruel death. She cooked some broth, however, for the young mother, and, pouring it into a silver flask, bid the messenger ride back with all speed, that it might not be too cold. . . . When the messenger returned from Daber with the broth, he had ridden so fast that it was still, in truth, quite hot; but she (the horrible Sidonia), who was standing at the bed of the young mother, along with the other women, pretended that it was too cold for a woman in her state, and must just get one little heating on the fire. The poor Clara, indeed, showed unwillingness to permit this, but she ran down with it, and secretly, without being seen by any of the other women, poured in a philtum that had been given her by a gipsy hag, and then went back again for a moment. This philtum was the one which produced all the appearance of death. It had no taste, except, perhaps, that it was a little saltish. Therefore Clara perceived nothing wrong. However, in one hour after that Clara lay as stiff and cold as a corpse, only her breath came a little; but even this ceased in a short time, and then a great cry and lamentation resounded through the whole castle.

WILLIAM MEINHOLD
"SIDONIA THE SORCERESS"

The tale goes on to relate how, at the end of three days, the body of Clara von Bork was placed in her coffin and was carried to her grave in Saatzig Cathedral; how Sidonia descended into the vault where the coffin lay, and, as the service for the dead was being read, how Clara awakened and begged Sidonia to remove the coffin lid, but all to no purpose; how Sidonia sprang upon the coffin, danced upon the lid, and chanted the roghth Psalm; and, finally, how Clara died. A blood vessel must have burst at last to relieve her from her agony, for the blood lay yet warm on the hands as Sidonia lifted the cover.



BEATRICE

THIS excellent lady, of whom I spake in what hath gone before, came at last into such favour with all men, that when she passed anywhere folk ran to behold her; which thing was a deep joy to me: and when she drew near unto any, so much truth and simpleness entered into his heart, that he dared neither to lift his eyes nor to return her salutation: and unto this, many who have felt it can bear witness. She went along crowned and clothed with humility, showing no whit of pride in all that she heard and saw: and when she had gone by, it was said of many, "This is not a woman, but one of the beautiful angels of Heaven." And there were some that said: "This is surely a miracle; blessed be the Lord, who hath power to work thus marvelously." I say of very sooth, that she showed herself so gentle and so full of all perfection, that she bred in those who looked upon her a soothing quiet beyond any speech; neither could any look upon her without sighing immediately. . . .

And it was then that I wrote this sonnet:—

MY lady looks so gentle and so pure
When yielding salutation by the way
That the tongue trembles and has nought to say,
And the eyes, which fain would see, may not endure.
And still, amid the praise she hears, secure
She walks with humbleness for her array;
Seeming a creature sent from Heaven to stay
On earth, and show a miracle made sure.
She is so pleasant in the eyes of men
That through the sight the inmost heart doth gain
A sweetness which needs proof to know it by:
And from between her lips there seems to move
A soothing essence that is full of love,
Saying forever to the spirit, "Sigh!"

THE NEW LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti



LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay
 (So they say)
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills,
 Intersect and give a name to (else they run
 Into one),
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall,
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone —
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks —

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

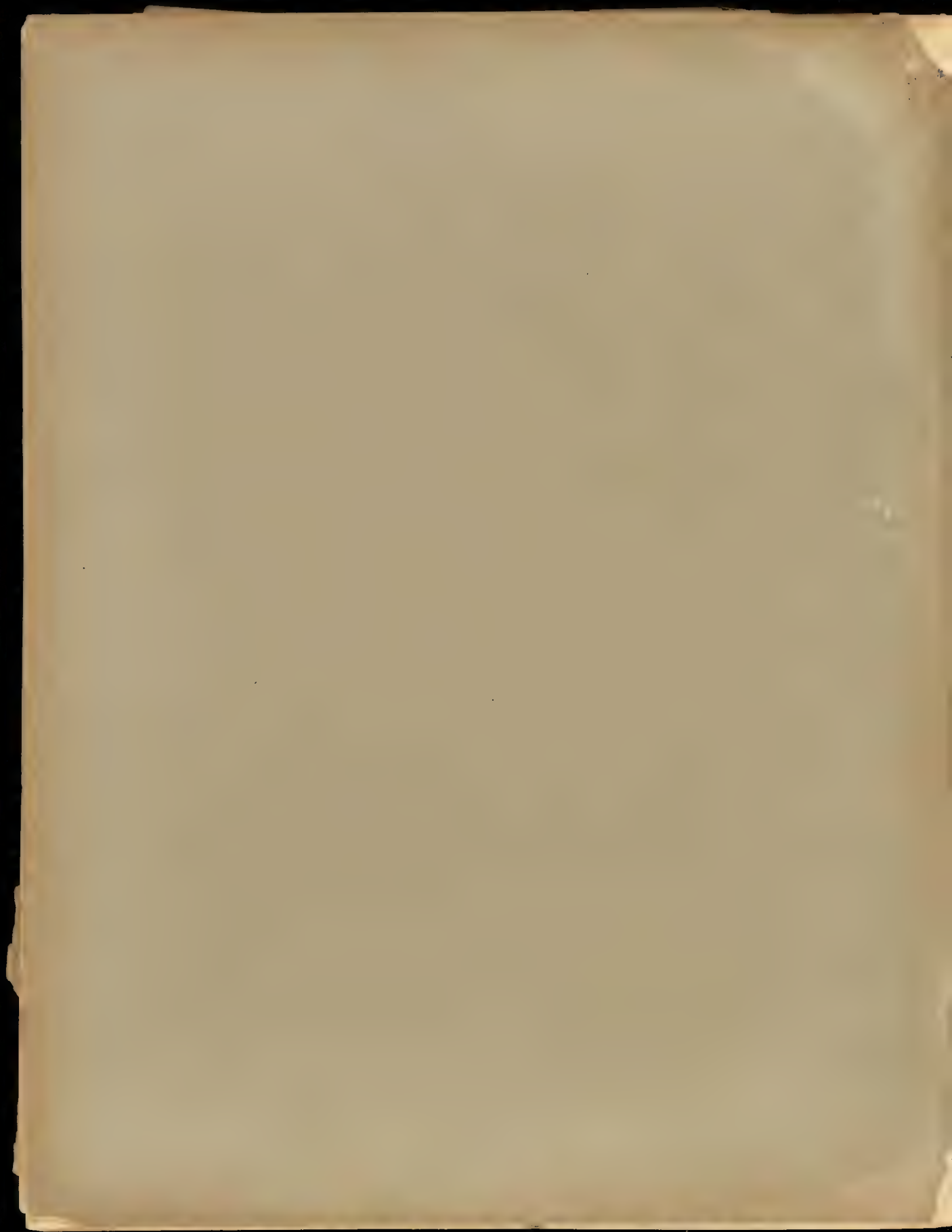
And I know, while this the quiet-colored eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 Where the king looked, where she looks now, breath-
 less, dumb
 Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and then,
 All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth,
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force —
 Gold, of course.
 Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
 Love is best.

ROBERT BROWNING
 "LOVE AMONG THE RUINS"





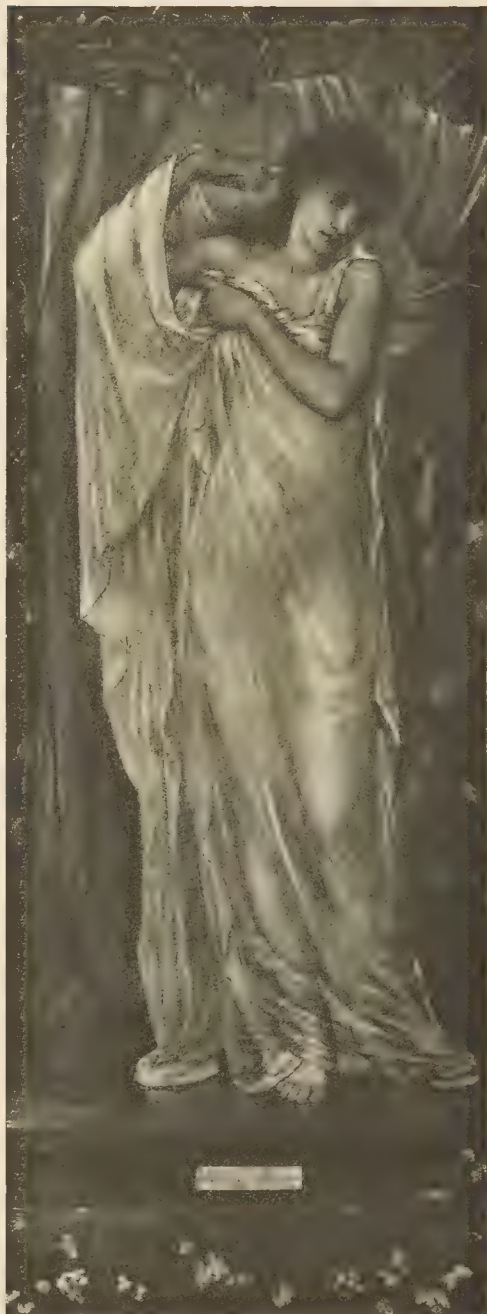
THE SEASONS



SPRING

SPRING am I, too soft of heart
 Much to speak ere I depart.
 Ask the summer-tide to prove
 The abundance of my love.

WILLIAM MORRIS



SUMMER

SUMMER looked for long am I,
 Much shall change or ere I die.
 Prythee take it not amiss
 Though I weary thee with bliss.

WILLIAM MORRIS



AUTUMN

LADEN Autumn here I stand,
Worn of heart and weak of hand.
Nought but rest seems good to me;
Speak the word that sets me free.

WILLIAM MORRIS



WINTER

I AM Winter, that doth keep
Longing safe amidst of sleep.
Who shall say if I were dead
What should be remembered.

WILLIAM MORRIS



DAY

I AM Day. I bring again
Life and Glory, Love and Pain.
Awake, arise, from Death to Death,
Through me the world's tale quickeneth.

WILLIAM MORRIS



NIGHT

I AM Night. I bring again
Hope of Pleasure, Rest from Pain:
Though unsaid, 'twixt Life and Death
My fruitful silence quickeneth.

WILLIAM MORRIS



THE BRIER ROSE

THE silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and, amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Gloweth forth each softly shadow'd arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON

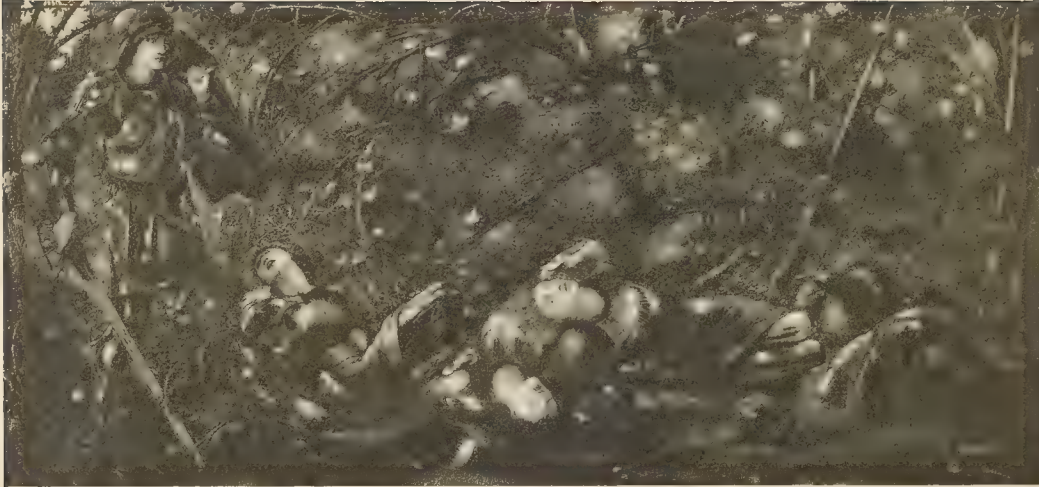


THE BRIER ROSE

TILL all the hundred summers pass,
The beams that thro' the oriel shine
Make prisms in every carven glass
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps.
He must have been a jovial king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
At distance like a little wood;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as blood;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and brier,
And glimpsing over these, just seen
High up, the topmost palace spire.

ALFRED TENNYSON



THE BRIER ROSE

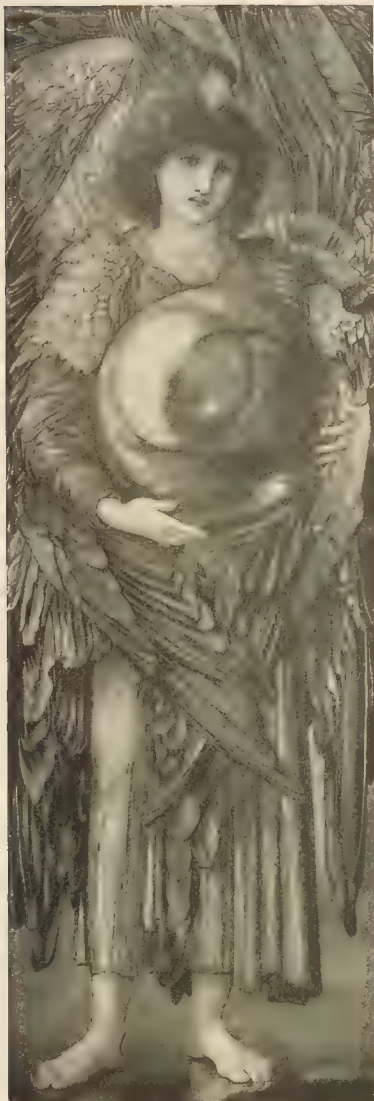
HE travels far from other skies —
His mantle glitters on the rocks —
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scattered blanching on the grass.

He gazes on the silent dead:
"They perish'd in their daring deeds."
This proverb flashes thro' his head,
"The many fail, the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks;
He breaks the hedge; he enters there;
The color flies into his cheeks;
He trusts to light on something fair.

ALFRED TENNYSON



THE FIRST DAY

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

GENESIS: Chap. I., verses 1-5



THE SECOND DAY

AND God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.

And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

GENESIS: Chap. I., verses 6-8



THE SIX DAYS

THE THIRD DAY

AND God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

GENESIS: Chap. I., verses 9-13



OF CREATION

THE FOURTH DAY

AND God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years;

And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.

And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth.

And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

GENESIS: Chap. I., verses 14-19

THE FIFTH DAY

AND God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and the fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

GENESIS: Chap. I., verses 20-23

THE SIXTH DAY

AND God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them.

GENESIS: Chap. I., verses 24-27

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

AND David assembled all the princes of Israel, the princes of the tribes, and the captains of the companies that ministered to the king by course, and the captains over the thousands, and the captains over the hundreds, and the stewards over all the substance and possession of the king, and of his sons, with the officers and with the mighty men, and with all the valiant men, unto Jerusalem. . . .

Then David gave to Solomon his son the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlours thereof, and of the place of the mercy seat.

And the pattern of all that he had by the spirit, of the courts of the house of the Lord, and of all the chambers round about, of the treasuries of the house of God, and of the treasuries of the dedicated things :

Also for the courses of the priests and the Levites, and for all the work of the service of the house of the Lord, and for all the vessels of service in the house of the Lord.

He gave of gold by weight for things of gold, and for all instruments of all manner of service ; silver also for all instruments of silver by weight, for all instruments of every kind of service.

Even the weight for the candlesticks of gold, and for their lamps of gold, by weight for every candlestick, and for the lamps thereof ; and for the candlesticks of silver by weight, both for the candlestick and also for the lamps thereof, according to the use of every candlestick.

And by weight he gave gold for the tables of shewbread for every table ; and likewise silver for the tables of silver.

Also pure gold for the flesh hooks, and the bowls and the cups : and for the golden basins he gave gold by weight for every basin : and likewise silver by weight for every basin of silver :

And for the altar of incense refined gold by weight ; and gold for the pattern of the chariot of the cherubims, that spread out their wings, and covered the ark of the covenant of the Lord.

All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern.

And David said to Solomon his son, Be strong and of good courage, and do it : fear not, nor be dismayed : for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee ; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord.

And, behold, the courses of the priests and the Levites, even they shall be with thee for all the service of the house of God : and there shall be with thee for all manner of workmanship every willing skilful man, for any manner of service : also the princes and all the people will be wholly at thy commandment.

Furthermore David the king said unto all the congregation, Solomon my son, whom alone God hath chosen, is yet young and tender, and the work is great : for the palace is not for man, but for the Lord God.

Now I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God the gold for things to be made of gold, and the silver for things of silver, and the brass for things of brass, the iron for things of iron, and wood for things of wood ; onyx stones, and stones to be set, glistening stones, and of divers colours, and all manner of precious stones, and marble stones in abundance.

Moreover, because I have set my affection to the house of my God, I have of mine own proper good, of gold and silver, which I have given to the house of my God, over and above all that I have prepared for the holy house.



Even three thousand talents of gold, of the gold of Ophir, and seven thousand talents of refined silver, to overlay the walls of the houses withal:

The gold for things of gold, and the silver for things of silver, and for all manner of work to be made by the hands of the artificers. And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Chapter xxviii., verses 1, 11-21. Chapter xxix., verses 1-5

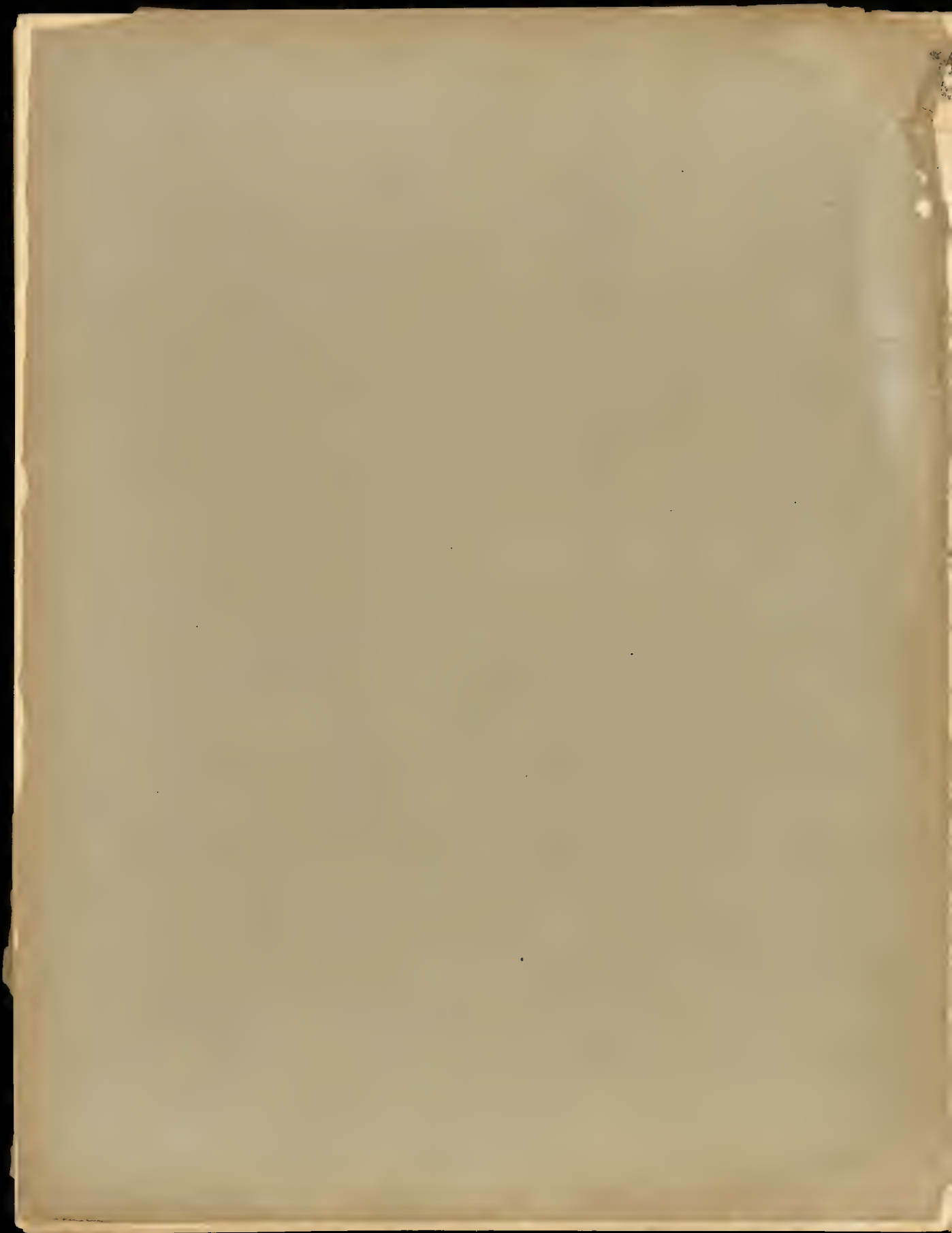
SPONSA DI LIBANO

AWAKE, O north wind; and come, thou south;
blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof
may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden,
and eat his pleasant fruits.

HOW fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for
delights.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON
Chap. IV., verse 16. Chap. VII., verse 6





THE FLOWER OF GOD



THE FLOWER OF GOD

AND in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,
To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. Chap. I., verses 26-29



THE ANNUNCIATION

AND the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favour with God.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE
Chapter I., verse 30

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

NOW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born,

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

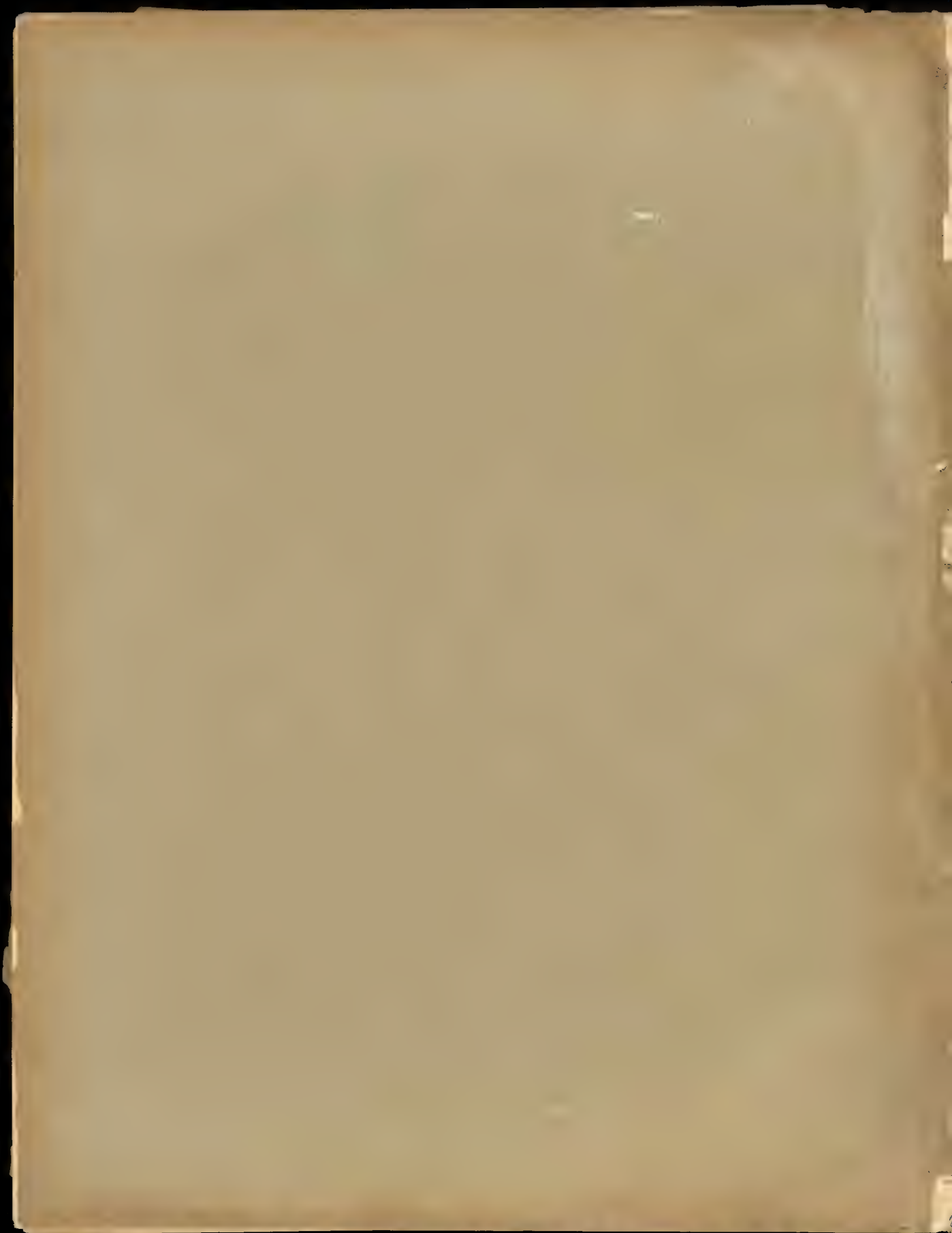
When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW
Chapter II., verses 1-5, 7-12





THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE
SHEPHERDS

THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS

* AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

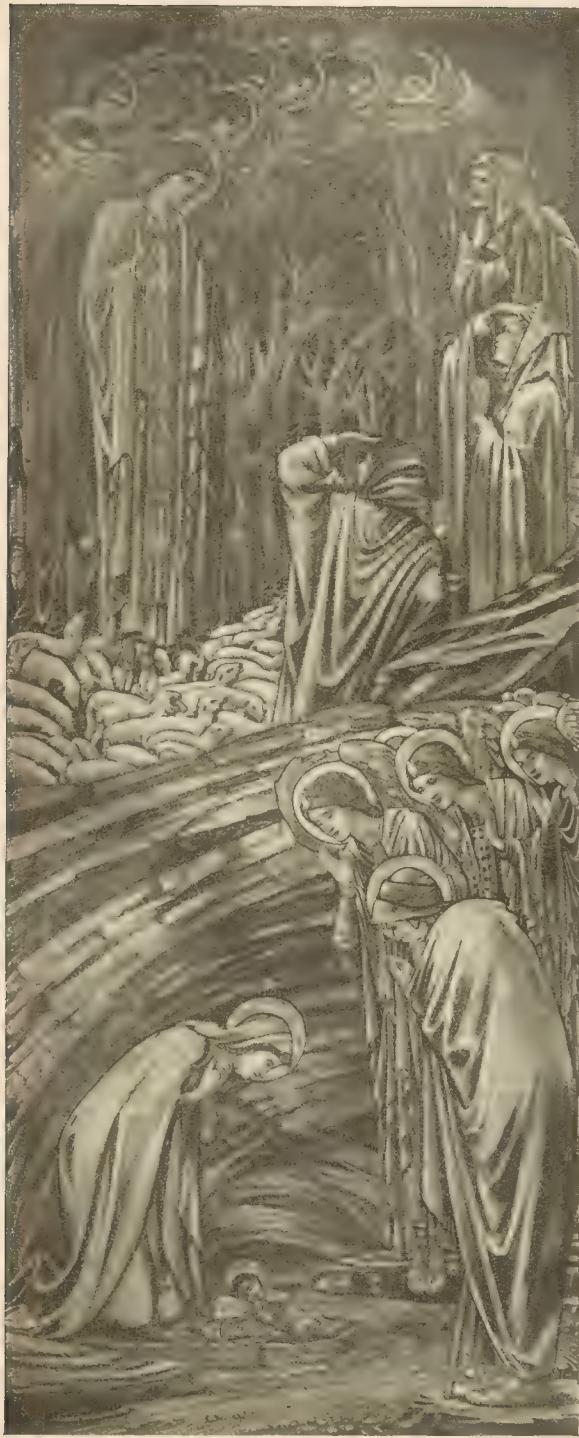
And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE
Chapter II., verses 8-19



THE CRUCIFIXION

NOW there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold, thy son!

Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst.

Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it into his mouth.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN
Chap. XIX. Verses 25-30





MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE

BUT Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping : and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she hath thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN
Chap. 20. Verses 11-16

I N D E X

INDEX

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| THE GOLDEN STAIRS | PYRAMUS AND THISBE |
| PORTRAIT OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES | FAIR ROSAMOND AND QUEEN ELEANOR |
| THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT | SIDONIA VON BORK |
| CUPID AND PSYCHE | CLARA VON BORK |
| PAN AND PSYCHE | SPRING |
| THE WINE OF CIRCE | BEATRICE |
| THE GARDEN OF PAN | SUMMER |
| THE WOOD NYMPH | LOVE AMONG THE RUINS |
| THE SEA NYMPH | AUTUMN |
| STUDIES FOR THE MASKE OF CUPID | WINTER |
| THE PILGRIM AT THE GATE OF IDLENESS | DAY |
| LOVE LEADING THE PILGRIM | NIGHT |
| THE DREAMER AND THE ROSE | THE BRIER ROSE |
| THE HEART OF THE ROSE | THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION |
| RICHESSSE AND LARGESSE | THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON |
| FRANCHISE AND COURTESY | SPONSA DI LIBANO |
| LOVE AND BEAUTY | THE FLOWER OF GOD |
| CUPID'S FORGE | THE ANNUNCIATION |
| THE DREAM OF SIR LAUNCELOT BEFORE THE
CHAPPELL OF THE SANCGREALL | THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM |
| MERLIN AND NIMUE | THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS |
| THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN | THE CRUCIFIXION |
| THE PRIORESSES TALE | MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE |



85.69118

